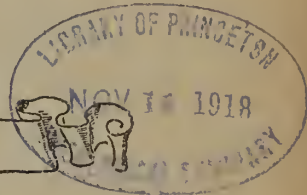


THE AMERICAN MCALL RECORD

VOL XI

NO 3



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JULY, 1893

Memorial Number

THE AMERICAN McALL RECORD

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THE AMERICAN McALL RECORD

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With the exception of a few necessary items this number of THE RECORD is consecrated to the memory of our beloved leader.

A letter from Mr. Greig says that Mrs. McAll is attending the meetings in the halls and playing the harmonium, as when her husband lived. Her brave and unselfish spirit is worthy of him she mourns. What an example of the way Christians should mourn!

The President of the Association, Mrs. Parkhurst, sailed for Europe with Dr. Parkhurst, Wednesday, June 14, on the steamer Majestic. Mrs. Parkhurst will be gone about three months. Many loving thoughts and earnest prayers will follow her through all her journeyings.

Dr. and Mrs. Chamberlain have returned from their extensive Western tour and have gone to their summer home. Letters addressed to Mrs. Chamberlain as usual, 1624 Locust Street, Philadelphia, will reach her without delay.

Not the least of the many services that Miss Moggridge has rendered the Mission is her latest one. She has written a charming little book, "Among the French Folk," which may be procured for fifty cents at the Bureau of the Association, 1710 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. The great value of this book is that it puts the reader into touch with the common people of France. Work and money used for the French people is more efficient in proportion as their true character is met. The French are by no means the superficial people foreigners generally suppose them to be. No people better reward careful study; no mission more depends upon a thorough apprehension of a people's characteristics than our McAll Mission. The secret of its marvelous success so far is the quick and ready insight of Mr. and Mrs. McAll into French character. Now that he is gone who for twenty years has led us in our work, it behooves us all the more to follow in his footsteps in this as in everything else. And Miss Moggridge's little book will be found an excellent interpreter of the French folk.

The Paris Committee of Directors have issued a circular outlining the plan for the future and calling upon friends of the Mission for support. Want of space forbids the publication of the circular in this number; it will appear in October; but we are very certain that there is no need of such an appeal to induce the American friends of the Mission to give it a more hearty support than ever in loving tribute to him who is gone.

Photographs of Dr. McAll may be procured from the General Secretary at the Bureau of the Association.

It is given to few to have their life work so thoroughly arranged before they are called away, but it was the answer given to his life of simple unselfish devotion

[From the minutes of the Paris Committee.]

May 16th, 1893, the committee met for the first time in regular session after the death of their president, Dr. McAll, to express the deep grief that this death has caused them and present to Mrs. McAll the assurance of their respectful sympathy. They feel all the weight of the responsibility for the future resting upon them, but have a firm resolution to continue, with the help of God, the work left in their hands by the death of the founder of the Mission, and to consecrate themselves to it with double self-abnegation and love, striving to follow the example left them by Dr. McAll, and to labor like him for the salvation of souls by faithfully preaching salvation in Jesus Christ. A copy of this resolution shall be sent to Mrs. McAll.

The committee express to Dr. Anderson their gratitude for the enlightened and truly-filial care that he lavished on Mr. McAll during his last illness.

The committee have made the following decisions in regard to the changes in the council of administration. Mr. Sautter is appointed honorary President, Mr. Greig President of Committee and Director of the Mission. [Then follow the names of the Directors and officers.]

It is understood that the committee take the responsibility of all the engagements and acts concluded by Mr. McAll in the name of the Mission.

The aforesaid decisions were unanimously voted.

It was a beautiful coincidence that our beloved friend and leader died on Ascension Day. There is unspeakable solace in the reminder which it gives—that he went straight from his bed of pain to be with Him who conquered death and the grave.

THE LAST DAYS.

BY HENRY JAMES BENHAM, M. D.

Dr. McAll spent the winter at Norwood, near London. He was very weak and ill most of the time; but longed to get back to France. At length, at the end of March, he was allowed to do so, spending a few days at Dover on the way.

The weather was lovely, and the spring very forward. Paris looked beautiful, more beautiful than ever, when he returned, about the 29th or 30th of March. The chestnut trees were just bursting into bloom, and if you have seen the long avenues of chestnuts lining many of our roads and boulevards you will imagine what it is to see them covered with spikes of white blossoms like large Christmas trees!

He came back, and tried to resume work. He attended a few meetings at his favorite halls, presided at several committee meetings and finished reviewing the proofs of the new hymn-book, and an article for the Annual Report.

On Tuesday, May 2d, he was with us all the afternoon at the Rue Royale, at committee, from half-past two until after six. Then we had tea, and I drove back to Auteuil with him.

I think the very next day he took to bed. He could not eat, and the symptoms of intestinal obstruction developed gradually. Happily on the Monday following Dr. Anderson and I,* who were attending him, with a consulting physician, were able by God's blessing to overcome the *absolute* obstruction, and thus avoid the painful and distressing consequences that would soon have come on. He had not suffered severe pain, fortunately, but great weakness, nausea and depression.

*NOTE.—I only saw Dr. McAll *as a friend*, not constantly. Dr. Anderson was his medical attendant.

But though the absolute obstruction was removed, the cause remained, and, had he lived, these symptoms must have recurred in a worse form. But his powers had been exhausted, and from this time he gradually sank. He was so weak and unable to talk that he desired to be left quite alone with Mrs. McAll, and no one saw him but the doctors, and on Wednesday, the Rev. S. H. Anderson. Dr. McAll could not speak, but nodded his assent as Mr. Anderson spoke. He was the pastor of our little English Congregational Church, of which Dr. McAll was a member and deacon.

Mr. Anderson had known him intimately for ten years. He said at the funeral :

“ I had the privilege to be with him on the eve of his departure. I said : ‘ You are very low, dear Mr. McAll, but you are in safe hands—Jesus Christ is with you.’ He gently smiled and nodded assent. I added, ‘ I have brought you this pretty text, “ Come unto me and I will give you rest,” and we will place it where your eyes can rest upon it.’ He seemed thankful and pleased, while he looked at us (Mrs. McAll and me) hanging the text near the foot of his bed.

“ Then I drew near again and said, ‘ How good to think that God sees us *through Christ*; we are nothing, Christ is all; He is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption; let him, therefore, that glorieth, glory in the Lord.’ He smiled and nodded approval while I spoke, and when I added, ‘ Now we can triumph in the doctrines of grace; saved by grace, kept by grace throughout eternity,’ he extended his arms, and with hands opened toward heaven, he looked up, nodding several times, while his countenance beamed with a smile that spoke volumes. I knelt down and poured forth thanksgivings unto God, and commended unto Him His dear child; then I

caressed his hand, and kissed him on the forehead. I felt it might be the last time ! And before leaving the room I said (on the impulse of the moment, prompted by the Spirit of God), ‘Quand tu passeras par les grandes eaux, elles ne te noieront point ; car je suis avec toi dit le Seigneur.’ (When thou passest through the deep waters they shall not *drown* thee ; for I am with thee, saith the Lord.) He again nodded, and smiled a smile of gratitude.

“The next day I was called to see him about noon ; he was sinking. Dr. Anderson and I remained in the house all the afternoon and evening ; but he preferred to be alone with Mrs. McAll most of the time. He made painful efforts to speak, but I could only distinguish a word here and there. Strangely enough it was all *in French*. The most distinct was “Laissez-moi mourir ; laissez-moi seul.” (Let me die ; leave me by myself.) He did not wish his life to be artificially prolonged ; and we could not have done it if we had tried—the end was come.”

Gradually his pulse and breathing became weaker. At 8 P. M. we assembled all who were in the house ; his old friends, M. and Mme. Rouilly, who have been in the Mission almost from the first, Mr. McAll’s servant, M. L’Eplattenier (a faithful helper who attends to the warehouse department and is invaluable to the work), M. Soltau, Dr. Anderson and myself. We formed a semi-circle, whilst Mrs. McAll stood and held his hand during the last solemn half hour. Dr. McAll did not suffer, but in his extreme weakness was all but unconscious, and so gradually and quietly fell asleep without the least struggle or distress at 8.35 P. M., *May 11th*.

I offered a few words of prayer, and so did M. L’Eplattenier. Later in the evening I helped Mrs. McAll and the nurse to lay him out. At her wish he was dressed in his usual coat, waistcoat and trousers, as if starting for a meeting.

At nine next morning all the members of the committee met to arrange the details of the funeral. We all, and a large number of friends, came according to French custom, to take a last look at the departed one, lying in state, looking very natural with a peaceful smile.

Of course he had the red ribbon in his buttonhole!

Dear Mrs. McAll bore up bravely, sustained by our loving Lord.

May God use this heavy trial to cement us still more firmly together, and to lead the French to give more help and realize—as they *are* doing—how much they owe to Dr. McAll under God.

May you, dear friends, be blessed in all you are doing for France. Never was the Mission more prosperous spiritually. God is working; doors are open wide. Money alone is wanting, though we could easily find room for voluntary French-speaking workers in any number, if they came at their own charges. The fields are *white* with the harvest and laborers are overworked.

THE FUNERAL.

Paris is radiant in all the glory of the earliest spring on record. The foliage in boulevard and avenue quivers in the sunshine against a cloudless sky. Yet, on many a heart there has fallen a shadow. The friend of the *ouvriers*, of the lonely and toil-worn, is no more. The grave in Passy has closed upon “l’homme de bien,” “français de coeur,” as the French journals call him, the venerated Robert Whitaker McAll. In announcing his death the *Journal des Débats*, says, “his cordiality gained him all hearts. We have told how he had been led to create in France a religious and philanthropic work essentially popular. He became thoroughly French at heart.” *Le Matin* says, “he loved passionately the country of his adop-

tion." Such is the tone of the newspapers of Paris in alluding to Dr. McAll. The great work of his life was not entered upon till he was past middle age. Yet he has lived to see the tiny spark which he and his devoted wife kindled in Belleville twenty-one years ago, spread and burn till there are now 136 centres of light and life in the country of his adoption.

For a few weeks after his return from England in April, whither he had gone in the interest of the Mission, he resumed his place and work so far as strength would permit, although his fragile form and weary step told something of what it cost. He went on the thirtieth of April to the reunion of the Rue Royale, and presided, as was his wont, at the French afternoon meeting, remaining for the English service in the evening. He entered with great joy into these services. Too weary to speak to one and another at the *sortie*, he lifted his hands as if in benediction, then the door closed behind him and he passed away from the worship of earth. Once again at an important committee of the Mission on the second, then ten days of weakness and suffering, borne with most touching patience and submission, lay between him and the eternal rest. When too weak to speak he responded by signs to the words of comfort spoken by Mr. Anderson and others. The end came so gently that it was difficult to say when he breathed his last. It was like a child folded in the mother's arms, like a wave along the shore; so he fell asleep in Jesus. His great desire was to die in Paris, in harness, and surrounded by his devoted fellow-labourers. His remains will rest side by side with those of Theophilus Dodds, who also lived and died for the evangelization of France. Eighteen months ago the "Birthday Fête" which celebrated the twentieth year of the Mission and the seventieth year of Dr. McAll's life, was held in the Temple of the Oratoire, which,

on Monday, May 15th, opened to receive another great assembly, and to witness a far different scene. Then all was joyous congratulation ; fifty thousand people, all over France, had contributed to give him a token of their love. Now, a vast assembly gather around his coffin, and, with tears and sadness take a last farewell.

Floral tributes of love came to the house of death from all the Mission Halls, from the workers, the committee and private friends, till there was no room to place them on or near the oaken casket. Two *ouvriers* in blouses came bringing a "couronne" from Salle G., and, with reverent steps, they lay it at his feet. Two women, seamstresses, maybe, to whom the morning given up meant a meal, came with the wreath from another group. And so it goes on—rich and poor alike must express the sorrow which is in their heart. Then the tramp of the military is heard, and a guard of twenty soldiers takes up position on the sidewalk opposite. As Chevalier of the Legion of honor this mark of respect is paid by the authorities. The hymns we sing around the coffin float through the open windows, thrown wide by Mrs. McAll's desire that "the soldiers may hear." Then, as the remains are carried out with arms reversed, the men salute, watching in silence till the cortège is out of sight. The Cross of the Legion of Honor is laid upon the coffin with his "robes"—the beautiful old silk gown itself being almost an heirloom, having been used by his father in Manchester more than than sixty years ago.

At foot's pace we traverse the busy streets, by the river-side, past the Eiffel Tower, across the Place de la Concorde, carmen, *ouvriers*, schoolboys, merchants, uncover their heads as the hearse passes, many standing, hat in hand, gazing after the flower-laden catafalque, and from one and another we hear the name "McAll." It is but a custom, perhaps, yet a

beautiful one, speaking of the solemnity of death, and a momentary sharing of the grief of the bereaved. The palm branches, tied with the *tricolor* ribbon, laid on his coffin signify the victor's triumph, and the work done for France. The Temple of the Oratoire has been called the Protestant Cathedral of Paris. It was given to the Protestants by Napoleon the Great. Up the steps we pass into the vast building, filled in every part with a quiet, sombre crowd, all in mourning, and many weeping. From the spring of the arches to the floor the whole church is clothed in black cloth, relieved with a border of white—a token of respect, we are informed, seldom paid to anyone in that place. Even the upper galleries are crowded and many people stood all the three hours and more. Even the poor people from the Salles, who were there in hundreds, wore some sign of mourning. The silence is almost oppressive until those two thousand voices take up the hymn, “*Sainte Sion, ô Patrie éternelle.*”

One of the priceless boons conferred on the Protestants of France by the McAll Mission is the book of *Cantiques Populaires*, compiled and published under the direction of Dr. McAll and his devoted wife. Many of the hymns are his own, and in the Mission Halls last Sunday it was very touching to hear those rough men and women singing the words he had written for them about the happy land where there is no more sorrow.

As the hymn died away in the Oratoire, followed by prayer, Pastor Théodore Monôd's clear, musical voice is heard as with chaste diction and evident emotion he sketches the life and work of his “most dear and honored brother in Christ.” Then followed Dr. Noyes, of the English Church, who in a brief address voiced the warm appreciation of the English residents in Paris. Pastor Hollard struck a responsive note when he said: “This is a day of deep sorrow, but let it

not be one of ingratitude. Let us remember what God has given to France by the hands of His faithful servant."

Rev. A. D. Philips was the bearer of a message of sympathy and sorrow from the Friday session of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. Amongst other things, he expressed the gratitude with which English Christians have heard of the honors conferred on Dr. McAll, and of the warm place accorded to him in the hearts of the French people. The service ended according to the Continental custom. The congregation remained seated while the widow, supported by her relations, took her place beneath the lofty porch to give opportunity to all who wished to shake hands with her. Slowly she came out, and for more than half an hour the scene was most touching, as rich and poor grasped her hand, with tears streaming down. The women embraced her again and again, and many were the whispered words of comfort from Christian hearts. "I owe *all* to him." "Never alone, Madame." "Jesus wept." "I will not leave you orphaned." "Il est maintenant au ciel." In the street below was a dense crowd blocking the traffic. At last, after 400 or 500 of these personal greetings had been received, we again entered the coaches to commence the last journey to Passy. Hundreds followed on foot, and a long escort of carriages, so that around the grave another large crowd assembles. Here there are loving, tender words of remembrance and thanksgiving for the holy life ended and the noble work done. Then another hymn to the familiar tune—"A Day's March Nearer Home."

Once more Mr. Anderson's voice is heard as he steps to the grave side to utter the familiar words which come with infinite pathos and yearning at such a moment: "Most Dear President, Founder and Friend, Dr. McAll, adieu—au revoir. To God, till we meet again."—ANNIE MCALL PHILPS.

THE FUNERAL DISCOURSES.

From these noble utterances we have space only for a few extracts. Pastor Théodore Monod, the first speaker, sketching the life of the beloved departed, said :

From the age of twelve he took pleasure in writing compositions. * * * In these he treated a great variety of subjects, history, botany, the Ethiopian tongue, dreams. * * * He manifested a strong disposition toward architecture, intending to consecrate himself to this art. One day in chapel God spoke to him, not by the sermon which was being preached, but by an inward voice which called him to the direct service of the Lord. Young McAll was of those privileged children who, brought up under Christian influences, are Christians from infancy, and never, so to speak, pass through the terrors of conversion. Under the circumstances we have just described he had only to make the decision to serve God directly. * * *

How shall I say what is Mr. McAll's work? It is characterized by that woman of the people who cried: "Our home was once a hell; now it is a paradise;" by that old soldier who once knew not the Bible and who now feeds upon it; by that dying girl who begged her mother to keep on reading the Bible; and consoled her for her own approaching death with the words so charmingly French: "Think how happy I shall be up there dancing with the angels!" * *

He died like a child. We have seen him on his death-bed, wrapped in our national colors, with his ribbon of the Legion of Honor, with his buttoned coat, with his smile, and on a table beside him the little book of texts and poems which he consulted every day.

Now we must continue his work. "Ah!" he cried one day, "if God would send us three hundred English and American workers we would raise up France!" This word

gives us a little shame. Why not three hundred Frenchmen? Could three hundred Frenchmen not be found? They are among us, and never were circumstances so favorable as in this magnificent and solemn hour. * * * *

In closing Mr. Monod addressed a few words of consolation to Mrs. McAll, and to the attendants at the halls and the mission workers, words of encouragement.

Mr. G. Appia said :

“ We are considering the work undertaken by God and thus far achieved by Him in one of His elect servants. You have been told how God prepared him by the tastes of the child, by the perseverance of the youth, by the first practical studies of the young architect, to become the workman whom He would employ to build so many shelters for the doctrine of salvation and edify the spiritual temple of God in so many hearts. * * *

“ This work clothed itself in modern forms ; our brother knew how to bend to the service of the cause of salvation all the varied forces created by our nineteenth century—the press, travel, fraternity among the people. * * * He knew how to appeal to patriotism, to the attraction of France for those outside, renewing forms of worship, songs of the church, methods of appeal. * * *

“ He came to the continent with a heart full of profound good will, he came, so to speak, to proffer it to wounded, bleeding France, and, without exaggeration we can say that France accepted the offer. * * *

“ Two weeks ago it was my privilege to take part in the last popular reunion over which he presided. I love to remember him thus, not upon the bed of death where I was not able to see him, but behind the little pulpit of the Rue Royale, where, with the blessed monotony of all good things, he resumed his old habits and threw about us the illusion of his

old vigor. I love to see him standing there, to hear him, in a voice somewhat broken, give, so to speak, his orders, tell the number of the hymns, call upon the speakers; firm at his post as a French soldier in the day of battle, as an English sailor on a stormy sea, calling his audience with a tireless affection, to come again to hear the call of the Master.

“It is beautiful to see how his wish was accomplished: he longed to return to Paris; God granted this request in all its detail. He has come to lay his bones in the midst of those of his children and brethren, and with them will he present himself before the Master on the Resurrection Day.” * *

Mr. Hollard said:

“This is for us a day of mourning; it must not be also a day of ingratitude. We must not, because we have lost much, forget that God has given us much in him, when to-day we weep. It must not be, that the voice of the Master, saying on high, “Well done!” and the voices of the many to whom he showed the way of life, who are receiving him with hymns of praise into the everlasting habitation—it must not be that those glorious voices find here below no echo but the voice of our lamentations. We weep indeed; but while weeping shall not we also give thanks? * *

“We will bless God that He gave it to him to exhibit God’s mercy in one of the most beautiful, the fullest lives that Christian ambition can ever aspire to. * * * We will bless God for the grand example which His servant gave us. We will bless him for that sympathy which with him was not simply a gift, but a very genius, which caused him among all mission fields to choose our own. Yes, we bless God that he came to us, to our country, just because she was defeated, wretched, abandoned; and that he came with heart wide open, face all illumined with tenderness, and hand out-

stretched in loyalty. We bless God for his indomitable faith in us, in our fellow-citizens—that is to say, in God, and in what He could do in and by us, for the restoration of souls and the progress of His kingdom in our native land. * *

“And what! A foreigner—I use the word for want of a better—a foreigner came to us in our darkest days, brought us the best he had, and the most necessary to us; brought us at the same time his heart and his life. * * * And now that he has fallen, overcome by disease, and still more by the labors and the burning anxieties which consumed him, we shall content ourselves—we!—with tears and praises! Nay, verily! it is not thus that such dead as he are honored. The true honor is * * * to seize the sword that falls from their failing hands and plunge again into the conflict valiantly, full of the spirit which animated them, and ready for all sacrifices. And this we will do.” * * *

At the open grave, amid the sobs of the great audience, M. Louis Sautter said, speaking first of Mrs. McAll:

“Oh, how we are impelled to surround her with our respectful affection; France was to her and her husband a second fatherland; we would all be to her as another family. * * * Men and women, we can never tell out the good which Mr. McAll did us in inviting, in constraining us to work for the Lord with him. * * * As Frenchmen, we thank him for the love with which he loved France; * * * never daunted by any difficulty, never recoiling before any sacrifice. As Christians, we thank God for the seeds of life which Mr. McAll scattered in our churches, for the doors he opened to the masses, for the simple, practical methods of evangelization so adapted to the taste and genius of our people with which he endowed us. * * * The fire which he has kindled shall not be extinguished; the work which he has begun shall not be interrupted by his departure.

THE WORK HE HAS LEFT US,

[As we are going to press an article from Mrs. Chase reaches us, describing the funeral, and we make room for such portions of it as are not already covered. Mrs. Chase was the only representative of America present at the funeral. At Mrs. McAll's request she went as a family mourner, and supported Mrs. McAll through the long ordeal. Since Mrs. Chase's residence abroad she has been one of Dr. McAll's most trusted counsellors.—EDITOR.]

In the April number of the RECORD the editor gave an interesting account of her visit in February last to Dr. and Mrs. McAll, at their pretty home at Norwood, England. In closing, she says: "Ours was no sentimental leave taking. It was the hearty good-bye of those who expect to meet again soon, in the Church of the First-born on High."

And now, scarcely three months later, it is our sad privilege to describe another scene, this time in the Paris home. Our friend has been called to "the Church of the First-born on High," and Christians in many lands are mourning his loss to the Church Militant. Well, indeed, did one of the Mission converts realize his entrance into glory when at the funeral she replied to some one who expressed astonishment at the immense crowds: "There will be far more to receive him." * * *

Never can we forget the scene, as we stood with the relatives near the sorrow-stricken widow. Never had we seen such expression of true Christian sympathy. Twenty years ago no such assembly could have gathered in a Protestant church in Paris, and we could but exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" by the consecrated lives of his servants.

As we passed on to the carriages, the street was crowded, but all was quiet and subdued. Soon began the journey to the Passy Cemetery. * * *

Silently, sorrowfully, we left that lovely spot, where all that remained of the dear, honored friend was laid to rest. "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes." When the trump shall sound

the glorified body shall come forth, reflecting all the glory of the Lord, his Saviour, and he will shine as the stars forever, for hath he not "turned many to righteousness"?

We cannot close this without adding a brief personal tribute to our honored and beloved friend, for our relations with him in the work of the Mission had for many years been very close, bringing us into intimate relationship. We can add nothing to the lustre of such a life as his, but we can add our testimony as to the great hearted, self-forgetful Christian.

Surely no man was ever endued with such divine tact as was his servant, Robert W. McAll. Called to undertake a most difficult work, as the work enlarged he had to deal with people of different nationalities whose methods of work were almost utterly unlike, as well as to silence the early criticisms of the French pastors, who became his warmest friends.

Again, the system of volunteer workers which obtained to so large an extent in the Mission, was not an easy one to run smoothly; naturally there would be many angles to round off. With what loving wisdom and gracious tact did he guide all, and such was his charity and gentleness that those who differed from him would either be finally convinced or be silent.

And we gladly add that in all our business correspondence with Dr. McAll, extending over many years, often involving vexed questions, the same gracious Christian tact and kindness was manifest. But he has gone! and we, dear friends, are left to carry on the work so well begun. Shall we cease to remember that in his last days he was most anxious for the welfare of the Mission, and that it was in order to raise funds to put the work on a stronger financial basis that he made the sacrifice of leaving Paris, and his much-loved work of preaching to his beloved people in the halls and made his

home in England? But his failing strength prevented his accomplishing this, and we shall never forget the pathetic manner in which he spoke to us of his great disappointment, as he said: "It was for this purpose I came to England to live, but alas! I haven't the strength; I cannot do it."

We *can* do it, dear friends. Let us then take up this work where he laid it down, and do all in our power to clear the heavy deficit which now rests upon the Paris committee with almost overwhelming weight.

May we not challenge you to do your utmost in this time of great need and sore trial to the beloved Mission, and come to the rescue as you have so often done in past years?

Yours in affectionate and grateful memory,

MARINÉ J. CHASE.

MEMORIAL SERVICE.

The friends of the New York Auxiliary gathered on the afternoon of Monday, May 22d, at the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, in memory of Dr. McAll. Mrs. C. H. Parkhurst presided. A picture of Dr. McAll, wreathed with smilax and bright spring flowers stood upon one side of the desk. Mrs. Parkhurst, in a few tender words, announced the reason for the gathering, and expressed the hope that it would be largely a service of thanksgiving that such a life had been lived and such a work organized and developed. The whole service was marked by such tender praise, sympathy and feeling that it was remarked, "It did not seem like a meeting, but a family talking about a mutual possession and loss." Mlle. Leclère spoke with her usual unction and feeling of her personal acquaintance with Dr. and Mrs. McAll—the story of his call, his humility and utter self-abnegation, and the need of just such service in France. Mrs. George

Wood spoke feelingly of his leading characteristics, and especially of his humility, as evidenced by his never using the pronoun I. Mrs. J. W. Goddard could scarcely speak of her own acquaintance, which was intimate and tender. Her eloquent words made this gentle, quiet passing away not "untimely," but as part of God's great plan.

Mrs. Henry Day brought a message from Dr. McAll, in which he charged her to "put a great deal of love in it, or it will not be correct." Miss Alletta Lent referred to pleasant hours spent in the Salles, in their own little home, with Dr. and Mrs. McAll, and read a paper prepared by one who knew and loved him. A quartette rendered very effectively, "Crossing the Bar," "Soldier of Christ, Well Done," and at the close all sang "Stand Up for Jesus."

Mrs. Parkhurst, in closing, spoke very solemnly of the importance of heeding the Spirit's call and the possible consequences had Dr. McAll passed his call unnoticed. The prayers which followed each address were tender with sympathy for Mrs. McAll, thanksgiving for Dr. McAll's life and work, and earnest plea for still further direction and blessing. All felt the stronger and the braver, and that it indeed had been good to be there.

V. E.

We regret that space does not permit us to give particulars of a service in memory of the beloved Dr. McAll, which was held in Association Hall, Philadelphia, Monday afternoon, May 22nd, under the auspices of the McAll Association. Dr. James Murrow presided. After prayer by Rev. J. Love, addresses were made by Drs. Lippincott, and Richards, and Mr. Wanamaker. A series of resolutions, drawn up by Dr. Boardman, were adopted.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST—THE SECRET OF HIS POWER.

[Read at the Memorial Service of the New York Auxiliary.]

While emphasizing the salient points in the character of Dr. McAll, we do not in any sense underrate or undervalue the noble men and women who have, regardless of life and personal interests, bravely gone to the burning sands of India, the cheerless wastes of China and the oft-quoted "islands of the sea," with the glad tidings of great joy, who have waited patiently long years for fruitage and return, and, alas! too often have "died without the sight." In this "glorious company of the apostles" of our later days, who left home and kindred and in foreign land were indeed made "fishers of men," the position of Dr. McAll is so unique that it is worth our while to look well for the secret of his wonderful power and the marked blessing given to his work, that if possible fresh inspiration may come into our own hearts and new life into our efforts for the grand work which he has so well established.

To this man, so frail in physique, so gentle in spirit and so full of tenderness, have come results in such brief season that the success of his work is always spoken of as "phenomenal." He may well be called the "St. John" of foreign missionary history, for into the confusion, the discontent, the distrust and hopeless chaos of Belleville, following the Commune, he came with only the same old message of the beloved disciple, "Little children, *love* one another," which reflected the Saviour's assurance that "as the Father hath loved me so have I loved you." From human standpoint he seemed singularly unfitted for the work, but coming with the one grand, simple element that underlay his whole life, which was *love*—the love of Christ for *all* men, shed abroad in his heart—he conquered. He seemed peculiarly devoid of ambition to

build up an organization or establish any scheme. His one absorbing thought and desire were that the French people should know only Jesus Christ and him crucified, and should feel that wondrous love that led the Son of God to leave the heavenly realm to come here to seek and to save that which was lost. It is said of but one of the disciples that he leaned upon the Saviour's breast. No wonder that living in such intimacy he so reflected the image of his Lord, nor that his ministry and gospel so breathe the love of Christ for us all!

Dr. McAll was not content to follow after his Lord. He so leaned upon his breast in childlike sincerity and simplicity that he seemed permeated with this wondrous love. Gentle, loving, humble and making himself of no reputation, without money and without price, he gave himself and his all to the evangelization of France. Like his Master, he simply went about doing good, and like Him he went among the down-trodden and poor, and broke freely the bread of life, and the "common people heard him gladly." It was the love of Christ that impelled him to go to Belleville and say with winning simplicity, "Some English friends would like to tell you of the love of Christ." Through struggles, discouragements and difficulties this simple love of Christ has so characterized the work that now the one little hall at Belleville is lost in the goodly number of heavenly places (140) opened for the spiritual healing of the people, not only in Paris but throughout France. Again is it demonstrated that the love of Christ, filling the heart, is the only source of unfailing power in religious work.

" His strength was as the strength of ten
Because his heart was pure."

Strangely enough in the closing days of his life, like the beloved Disciple at Patmos, he was by the providence of God upon an island, far away from his people and his

work. Must not the thought have come to him often, as he looked toward his beloved France and realized the limitations of his life, that in the heavenly country there would be "no more sea?" Mercifully this precious life was permitted to close among the French people and the scenes he loved so well, and doubtless it testified to the end, of the unfailing, unchanging love of Christ, from which neither life nor death could ever separate him. So closed a singularly pure, gentle, spiritual and Christlike career.

"A voice is heard on earth of kinsfolk weeping
The loss of one they love;
But he is gone where the redeemed are keeping
A festival above.

"The mourners throng the way and from the steeple
The funeral-bell tolls slow;
But on the golden streets the holy people
Are passing to and fro.

"And saying, as they meet, Rejoice! another
Soul waited for is come;
The Saviour's heart is glad, a younger brother
Hath reached the Father's home!"

A MAN OF GOD.

[From *Le Signal*.]

A righteous man has fallen in Israel, a man elect of God, one of those householders of whom the gospel speaks, who draw from the treasury of their hearts things new and old.

The lives of such men are a consecration which includes sacrifice, an effort not without its struggles; but their end is peace, and their life and death remain as an example of, and witness to, those great things which God can do with poor instruments such as we all are, when these instruments are well in His hand and ready for His work.

What, in himself considered, was M. McAll when he arrived in France and began, the 17th of January, 1872, in the little shop of the street Julien-Lacroix, his obscure work of evangelization? * * *

Just because he was nothing, except a man who offers and gives himself wholly to serve God and his brethren, M. McAll, beginning with the very least and most disdained among these brethren, foreigners, heathens, Samaritans—the communists of Belleville—just because he had only one purpose, to follow Jesus Christ; to perform the task which his Master was setting before him, doing it to the glory of the Master and not of the servant; in view of the celestial home and the universal, invisible church, not for the interest of his own home or of his own particular church; for this very reason, because of the perfect disinterestedness, the complete self-forgetfulness, the entire renunciation of his servant, God has given him a name, a glory, a success, a harvest of souls, fields full of wheat, such as few have enjoyed; and so those sheaves which with joy he gathered together while on earth, he is to-day finding in the celestial garner of the Father.

Oh, good and faithful servant! Oh, fine and useful life, filled up and blessed! Oh, good and strengthening example left by him to us! Let us bless the Father who gave him to us, and who has recalled him to himself after his day's work was done. Well has he gained the right to rest in one of those mansions of the celestial house where his Master had long before prepared him a place.

There, henceforth, written down in that "sacred choir" of God's saints and blessed ones who "praise the Lamb;" there he repeats with new transports of joy amid grander symphonies those lovely hymns which on earth he loved to compose and to sing with that strong, sonorous voice of his, in the popular meetings which he had founded. To-day his

desire is granted of all which in his poems he had dreamed, of glory, of felicity, of splendor. He foresaw, he sees; he hoped, he possesses; he believed, he is in possession; he loves still more, in plentitude of heart, in full measure of peace, his cup running over with joy and enthusiasm. What would his beloved widow, his dearest friends desire for him? Those who loved him most, who surrounded him with tenderest care; those who would most willingly have given a part of their earthly life to lengthen out his earthly days, would they now, even if they could, call him back from being with Christ, which to him is far better?

He rests from his labors, but his works do follow him. And these works * * * shall endure upon earth while earth itself endures. And in heaven, as it is written, those who turn many to righteousness shall be as the stars forever.

We have no manner of doubt as to the future of the mission which he founded and which more than ever will keep his name. This work will live because it is of God, after the Father's own heart and bearing in itself the witness of Jesus and the spirit of prophesy, the seal of the divine adoption. When, like Abraham, M. McAll quitted his country, his family and his friends * * * to follow and serve his Master, from that hour he was a consecrated "man of God." So his work—his mission—had all the characteristics of a "work of God." So long as it keeps these characteristics it will live, and like a tree planted by the river of waters, which giveth its fruits in its season, it will continue to grow and put forth its vigorous branches and the birds of the air will build their nests in its branches.

M. McAll was raised up to be an apostle to France in the hour of her distress, the darkest hour perhaps of her history, when her star seemed about to fall into the darkness of the pit. He came, this "good Englishman," like the good

Samaritan of the parable, to bind up our moral wounds, pouring into them the oil and wine of restoration and of love.

As the Jews said of the Roman centurion of Capernaum, "he loved our nation," and with all his heart desired and prayed for its salvation. And since God sent him to us, he also loves our nation and wills to heal, to save, to restore it to life. He charged his servant, like a faithful gardener, to sow the small seed of the popular mission and to watch over its first up-springing.

The good gardener has acquitted himself of his task, and now that the plant is grown and can do without its guardian, God has called the guardian to himself. But God destined this plant, as it is permitted us to believe, to become a still greater tree, a vigorous specimen of that Tree of Life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations; we may expect to see its trunk still enlarging and its branches multiplying until they overshadow all France. The work of the McAll Mission will be finished only when all France is covered with the knowledge of the Lord, and when none shall need to teach his brother, saying, "Know the Lord, for all shall know him." When that moment arrives God may close the pages of the history of the McAll Mission as he has now closed its preface in calling to himself its founder. And then all we who, under the conduct of God, were his associates in this work of evangelizing France, we shall be still the associates of this good servant in glory, whether in heaven or in the new earth, where Christ shall have established his reign.

EUGÈNE RÉVEILLAUD.

The lesson above all taught us by his work, is that the simple and faithful preaching of the old Gospel is what meets the needs of our people, that the Apostolic Gospel is adapted to the needs of the French masses.

PASTOR McALL.

[From *Le Christiansau XIX^{me}. Siecle.*]

After an account of the funeral services, and a sketch of Dr. McAll's life and work, the writer continues :

Surely here is one of the most interesting religious phenomena of this century, the rapid development of a generous thought, a new application of the parable of the mustard seed.

It is well known how his services were appreciated, even outside of religious services. The Society for the Encouragement of Well-doing gave him one of its medals ; M. d'Haussonville spoke with eulogy of his work in his paper upon "Poverty in Paris," published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; the police and municipality of Paris have always expressed a high appreciation of it. In 1877 M. McAll was elected Fellow of the Linnæan Society on the presentation of Dr. James Hamilton. Finally, not long ago, he was made a Knight of the Legion of Honor. * * * They are many who loved him, or rather, who love him, and will love him always. Those who saw his smile, felt the cordial grasp of his hand, remember it for life. Many an eye wept for him last Monday [the day of the funeral] ; many a heart will keep his pious memory through life as of a spiritual benefactor ; many sympathies have surrounded and will surround his worthy wife—worthy of him, that says it all—and will also surround this Mission, widowed and orphaned, indeed, but which will yet live on, which will prolong on this soil of France, dear to Mr. McAll, the life of its founder.

Yes, noble brother, when we saw you last Friday, rigid, frozen on your bed of death, but gentle still and peaceful even in death, we felt not only a great gratitude to you and to God who gave you to us, but we felt also that your work was not finished ; that it *followed* you and would survive you, and that there is but one way to do you honor—that of devoting ourselves to its continuance.—BENJAMIN COUVE.

THE FOUNDER OF THE McALL MISSION.

FROM *The New York Evangelist.*

Last Thursday afternoon, May 11th, died at his home in Paris the man to whom the Church of Christ in France owes a debt indescribable, the Rev. Robert W. McAll. Twenty-one years ago, moved with the woes of France that came through the awful tragedy of the Commune, seeing with the clearness of very revelation that the core and centre of all her tribulations was the popular ignorance of the religion of the Gospel, he sat himself down in an obscure quarter of Paris and began to "talk" to the workingmen "of the love of Jesus Christ." He had no notion then that he was laying the foundations of a movement which should pulse through every quarter of that great city and every province of France, a movement which should inspire Christians in every Protestant country with an apprehension of the importance of France as a religious centre and a willingness to contribute to its evangelization. He never dreamed that the social value of his work would speedily be recognized by those government officials who could understand nothing of its religious importance, and that the great French nation would one day be proud to recognize his national services by a decoration ardently coveted by men of station and deeply revered by men of the very lowest rank. The thought never occurred to him that he was breathing new hope into French Protestantism, inspiring it with new courage, teaching it new methods, giving it new impulse that would shortly be felt in a new life and new activities worthy of the grand old Church of the Huguenots, the Church of martyrs and confessors more in number than any other Church in Christendom. Yet this was what he was doing on that dark January evening of 1872, when he opened the doors of the little shop in the Communistic quarter of Paris, and sat down on the low platform before those forty

chairs, his wife at his side, bringing out heavenly music from the cheap little harmonium.

There were dreadful social evils all around them, but they undertook no social reformation. Political problems which tried the souls of the wisest statesmen of France were stirring up wild ferments among the ignorant, but they taught no political gospel. Anarchy, socialism, communism, were rife all about them; infidelity, atheism, blank negation of all things spiritual were bewildering the minds of those among whom they walked, making them blind, desperate, dangerous, but they brought no arguments against error of doctrine, whether social or religious. They simply preached Christ; nay, rather, they *lived Christ*. And the potent leaven of that holy life has gone on working, working, silently, without observation, until the whole State feels the influence of the 140 stations of the McAll Mission, and the Church is quickened, and education is encouraged, and society is impressed with the beauty and the power of Christianity.

It is impossible here to sum up Dr. McAll's character; his life has made it manifest. His sweetness, his strength, his marvelous tact, his artless self-subordination, his fine executive abilities, his commanding personality, his unfeigned humility—they are what made the McAll Mission what it is. And his influence will abide. Though no particulars have as yet reached us, it is not difficult to prophecy that his death, there in the little house in that suburb of Paris, has not checked the work, but has given it new impulse, new power; that his victory, dying, was more than all his conquests living, over the miseries, the wretchedness, the Christlessness of the common people of France. His wife survives him; and any history of the McAll Mission will be incomplete which does not recognize this true yokefellow, who has, from first to last, been one with her husband in all his aims, his efforts and his successes.

TRIBUTES OF THE PRESS.

The French secular papers almost without exception made special mention of his death—The *Soir*, *Monde*, *Temps*, *Petit Journal*, *XIXme Siècle*, *Soliel*, *Matin* and *Journal des Débats*; *L'Eclair* gave three notices; the Paris edition of the *Herald* gave a brief obituary, and *Galignani* a longer and a shorter notice. Several provincial papers gave long obituaries; *The Neuve Rotterdamsche Courant* of Holland gave a notice. Several French religious papers gave extended descriptions of the Mission and Dr. McAll's life, with portrait. From British newspapers we make some extracts.

The *North British Daily Mail* (Glasgow) said :

The Oratoire, the largest French Protestant Church in Paris, was crowded on the afternoon of the 15th inst., the two tiers of galleries included. Most of the Protestant pastors and many British and American residents were present, while there were some thousands of working women attendants at the mission halls. Numbers of these congregations sent wreaths—some of touching simplicity from the poorest quarters of the city contrasting with the more costly offerings of various friendly societies. When these were placed on the hearse, fallen fragments of the flowers were eagerly picked up to be taken home as mementoes.

The Echo (England) said :

The late Mr. McAll must have been endowed with rare qualities to have succeeded in such a difficult mission-field as that of Paris. He conquered the esteem of the working men of Belleville, of the civil authorities, and compelled the admiration not only of his Protestant colleagues, but of the Catholic clergy. He even disarmed the cynicism of the Press of the Boulevards. "An enemy to controversy," says

the *Eclair*, "he limited himself to announcing the Gospel. It was a return to the simplicity of the first centuries. Everything was calculated to make the Christian religion easy to understand; dogma was supplanted by deed. He was not eloquent; he expressed himself with difficulty in our tongue; but he communicated the ardour of his faith to all who heard him. Valiant and gentle, full of authority and charm, he had only to appear and every face was made glad. There was something in his loyal gaze, in his cordial grasp of the hand, that won the most indifferent. * * *

From American papers we have space only for the following:

The *Christian Herald* (New York), under the title, "The Apostle of the Commune," said:

All Christendom joins in the mourning of the immediate friends of the valiant and devoted servant of Christ, who was called from earth on May 11th. The Rev. R. W. McAll quietly and unostentatiously began and carried forward a work which has made his name famous in every land where Christ is preached. It was a work of extraordinary difficulty, and one which only a man of unbounded faith in the power of Christ to save and keep, would have taken up. It began in 1870, when the whole world was ringing with indignation against the desperadoes who had slain the Archbishop of Paris, and had defaced and destroyed monuments and works of art of priceless value. "Let them stew in their own gravy," had been Bismarck's expressive order, and truly it seemed that no worse punishment could be devised than that of leaving them to their own way. The Republic, when it asserted its authority and the majesty of the law, had no remedy for them but the bullet and the manacle. But when

Mr. McAll saw the savage, desperate men, whose natures seemed more demonical than human, his soul went out to them in pity. "God loves you; I love you," were the simple words he uttered in his broken French. The fierce faces changed their expression of brutal hate, as the unexpected words fell on their ears. Such words they had never heard before, and many of them had never heard the name of God at all, except in imprecation. * * *

Harper's Weekly said: Dr. McAll, of the McAll Mission, is dead; General Armstrong of the Hampton (Virginia) school is dead, and Miss Frances Willard is reported to have broken down from overwork in England, and gone to Switzerland for her health. * * * No doubt the McAll Mission will go on without Dr. McAll and the Hampton school without General Armstrong, since their work was too thoroughly done to collapse as soon as the builders' hands were removed. They were remarkable men, fit to be considered together. Each saw an unoccupied field of missionary labor, and showed the way into it. Dr. McAll undertook the religious instruction of the godless Parisian, General Armstrong the education of the untutored freedman. Both of these pioneers did work of great value and lived to see the utility of their efforts receive very general recognition. They must be classed with the limited number of truly successful men, who undertook what was worth while and accomplished a respectable proportion of what they undertook.

The *National Baptist* of May 25, after giving a sketch of Dr. McAll's life and work, said:

"Rarely has the same week withdrawn from among men two religious leaders so characterized by heroism, wisdom and self-denial as Dr. McAll and General Armstrong."

RECEIPTS OF THE AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION
FROM AUXILIARIES AND CHURCHES,

FROM MARCH 15, TO APRIL 1, 1893.

MAINE, \$234.50.		Syracuse Auxiliary	\$188 75
Bath Auxiliary	\$154 50	Utica "	153 00
Brunswick—L. M. S. of First Congl. Church	15 00	NEW JERSEY, \$862.15.	
Ellsworth Auxiliary	65 00	Belvidere Auxiliary	\$32 15
MASSACHUSETTS, \$1,390.46.		Bridgeton "	61 00
Amherst Auxiliary	\$100 00	New Bruswick "	283 00
" Mrs. W. F. Stearn's School	50 00	Orange "	394 00
Andover Auxiliary	225 00	Trenton "	92 00
Boston "	25 00	PENNSYLVANIA, \$1,577.06.	
Easthampton "	61 86	Duncannon—Y. P. S. C. E.	\$12 25
Haverhill "	15 00	Harrisburg Auxiliary	159 00
Northampton "	105 00	Pittsburgh and Allegheny "	1,136 22
Pittsfield "	137 00	Scranton "	224 29
Salem "	225 78	Williamsport "	45 30
Springfield "	430 00	MARYLAND, \$500.00.	
Westfield "	7 00	Baltimore Auxiliary	\$500 00
Worcester "	28 82	DELAWARE, \$50.00.	
CONNECTICUT, \$1,280.44.		Wilmington Auxiliary	\$50 00
Hartford Auxiliary	\$725 93	DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, \$16.00.	
Meriden "	108 00	Washington Auxiliary	\$16 00
New Britain "	201 93	FLORIDA, \$10.00.	
New London "	41 00	Florida Auxiliary	\$10 00
Norwich "	3 58	OHIO, \$200.00.	
Windsor Locks "	200 00	Springfield Auxiliary	\$200 00
RHODE ISLAND, \$373.77.		KENTUCKY, \$300.00.	
Rhode Island Auxiliary	\$373 77	Louisville Auxiliary	\$300 00
NEW YORK, \$1,168.32.		WISCONSIN, \$65.81.	
Albany Auxiliary	\$420 57	Milwaukee Auxiliary	\$65 81
Buffalo "	250 00	KANSAS, \$74.00.	
Jamestown "	6 00	Wichita Auxiliary	\$74 00
Rochester "	150 00		

FROM APRIL 1, TO JUNE 15, 1893.

MAINE, \$41.00.		PENNSYLVANIA, \$659.50.	
Bath Auxiliary	\$33 00	Bellefonte Auxiliary	\$14 50
Lewiston—S. Robitschek	2 00	Easton "	40 00
Winthrop Centre—Jacob Robbins	5 00	Philadelphia "	500 00
" "—Miss M. W. Jones	1 00	" —Anon.	5 00
NEW YORK, \$1,925.48.		" —Rev. Dr. Hitchcock	100 00
Albany—Mrs. I. Edwards	\$50 00	MARYLAND, \$255.00.	
" —Mrs. S. Patten	10 00	Baltimore Auxiliary	\$250 00
" —Mrs. A. Rathbun	10 00	" —Mrs. J. C. Thomas	5 00
" —Mrs. J. A. Wilson	5 00	OHIO, \$177.63.	
" —Collections	90 48	Dayton Auxiliary	\$140 78
Clinton—Houghton Seminary	10 00	Zanesville "	36 85
New York Auxiliary	1,720 00	INDIANA, \$131.96.	
" —Miss L. H. Leclère	10 00	Indiana Auxiliary	\$131 96
Troy Aux.—Miss M. I. Alleu	10 00	ILLINOIS, \$71.00.	
Utica " —Miss Gilbert	10 00	Chicago Auxiliary	\$71 00
NEW JERSEY, \$713.65.		KENTUCKY, \$110.00.	
Belvidere Auxiliary	\$20 00	Louisville Auxiliary	\$100 00
Bridgeton "	11 00	" —Mrs. A. Cowan	10 00
Elizabeth "	200 00	MISSOURI, \$46.00.	
Morristown "	175 00	St. Louis Auxiliary	\$46 00
Newark "	25 00		
" —Miss S. A. Smith	50 00		
New Brunswick Auxiliary	15 00		
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